



## THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

## TOPICS FOR SPECIAL PRAYER

1. Pray for success of Self-Denial Effort.
2. Pray for more spiritual blessing to be given as well as material aid.
3. Pray for all special meetings in connection with this event.
4. Pray for physical strength as well as spiritual grace to be given all who participate either in giving, collecting, conducting meetings, visitations, or band playing in the streets.

SUN. May 4.—Deuteronomy. No Short-weights. Deuteronomy 25: 1-15; 26: 1-19.  
MON. May 5.—Blessings of Obedience. Deuteronomy 28: 1-14.  
TUES. May 6.—Curses of Disobedience. Deuteronomy 28: 15-46.  
WED. May 7.—Devil's Wages. Deuteronomy 28: 47-63.

**WHAT LOVE DOES.**  
Love gives to all, that all may give.  
It feeds, that others may be fed.  
It buds, that hope and joy may live  
When sorrow may be comforted.

**PRAYER AND SELF-DENIAL.**  
While collecting for Self-Denial in a little Newfoundland village, a young lassie Officer was overruled by a blinding snowstorm. Hardly anybody responded to her knock at the doors of the houses, and nobody offered to take her in.  
Faint with battling with the storm, she at last knelt in the snow and prayed that God would open some one's heart to her.  
Her prayer was answered at the very next house, where the people took her in, removed her half-frozen clothes and gave her food and rest. Before she left that home, two persons had sought Christ and the Self-Denial target was smashed.

**POLICEMAN AS COLLECTOR.**  
While collecting for Self-Denial at one of the railway stations in Toronto, a Training College Cadet noticed a policeman watching the actions of a drunken man. The poor fellow was doing his best to walk straight, for he realized that the eye of the law was upon him.  
The Cadet saw him in the situation, and, leaving his collecting pot, ran to the policeman.  
"I'll take charge of him, if you'll look after my pot," he said. The policeman smiled, but gladly agreed to do so, while the Cadet marched off with the drunken man to The Army's Shelter.

**ALL PAID TO GET OUT.**  
The saloon was full of men when The Salvation Army collector entered with his box. He went around among the men for a few minutes, nobody denouncing him and nobody championing his cause, until one big, heavy-eyed fellow caught sight of his red-tipped cap.  
"Hullo, Salvation Army," he cried.  
"How are you getting along?"  
The Salvationist said that he had so far received very little in the way of donations.  
"That so?" replied the man. "Well, you wait here a minutes."  
The collector obeyed. When the man returned he brought with him a small handful of silver. Every man who left the saloon had been compelled to contribute to The Salvation Army.

**AFTER TEN YEARS.**  
The first Self-Denial donation which a well-known Canadian collector received two or three years ago was from a young lady who had taken some money which did not belong to her. It was only a paltry twenty-five cents, and at the time, she thought little of her action.  
Ten years afterwards, she entered a Salvation Army meeting, and gave her heart to God. The stolen money immediately came to her mind, and she saw that restitution was necessary before she could have real peace.  
Leaving the Pentecost-form she went to her room, wrote to the Officer in question, and enclosed fifty cents in her letter, in which she begged him to use the restitution to the person she had robbed.

Let facts and incidents describing Salvation Army life and work be wanted for publication in "The War Cry." They should be addressed to The Editor, "The War Cry," Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, J.

**WHAT YOU HAVE GIVEN.**  
All you can hold in your cold hand,  
Is what you have given away.

**TRUE SELF-DENIAL.**  
"Mother is sick and father is dead," said a little girl when a collector called at her home. In this instance, it seemed that help was needed, and the Salvationist said so, but the little girl asked to be allowed to take the card to her mother. When she returned, she brought with her sixteen cents which had been taken from their sole income that day—twenty cents!

**THEY CHEERED HIS BEAT.**  
The big policeman looked down at the little Salvation Army woman who said she was collecting for Self-Denial. "Say," he said as he fumbled in his pocket for a coin. "I wish your band would come along Broad Street again, as they used to do. They always cheered my beat." And the donation was not secured until the promise was forthcoming—that the band should re-visit the said street.

**WORTH TRYING AGAIN.**  
Fifteen cents for a whole afternoon's collecting! No wonder the Captain and her Lieutenant were feeling discouraged.  
"Why not go to the grocer's store?" suggested the Lieutenant.  
"Oh, we've been there before—don't you remember—and never got anything," replied the Captain wearily.  
"But we can but try again," continued the Lieutenant. They did, with the result that the storekeeper complimented them on their pluck and persistence, and gave them a cheque for twenty-five dollars.

**A SELF-DENIAL TROPHY.**  
Self-Denial Week was at hand. I had received my target, and in the little town of practically only one street, my target looked very big, says Adjutant Smith, of London. The effort, at this time in Army history, was held in the middle of winter, and people seemed to think more about their coal bills than anything else. However, I made up my mind I would get my target. It was only a young Lieutenant at the time, and was at my first Corps as Officer-in-Charge. I was therefore thrown on my own resources.  
Having an old magic lantern and a pamphlet illustrating The Social Work, I set up all one night making lantern slides from the lanterns in the book. With a few other pictures that I possessed, they made an interesting service, and the crowd that came to the Hall, enjoyed it, the proceeds going toward my target.

At the close of the service, a young man of about sixteen came to the Pentecost-form, and gave himself to God. He told me afterwards that the description of the poor and outcast and their needs so touched his heart to give himself to God, and to do what he could for their salvation. He became a Soldier, and was faithful until I left the Corps. I heard no more of him until about thirteen years afterward, when one John, Newfoundland, and took out of the box a photo. I did not recognize the fine-looking Salvationist and his wife, which a letter told me this was the lad who came forward in the lantern service many years ago. He had been a faithful Soldier ever since.  
"But comrades are pushing on the line in the Corps to which they belong.

So shalt thou dare forget at His dear Call,  
Thy best—thine all!"

**Love Will Make Us Serve.**  
"What is love, darling?" was once asked a bright little girl. "Love? why, mamma, love is a feeling with a mist in it."  
Christian experience brings obligation: this is inevitable; we cannot get away from our responsibility to serve God. We do not wish to do so; we love to serve.

"Lovest thou Me?" asked the risen Christ this morning at Galilee when the sun was typing the distant hills with the glory of a new day, and the Master came to the help of the weary, discouraged fishermen, who had worked fruitlessly through the darkness.

## The Two Seas

### A PARABLE OF GIVING AND HOARDING.

There is a sea which, day by day,  
Receives the rippling rills  
And streams that spring from wells  
Of God.  
Or far from cedar hills;  
But what it thus receives, it gives  
With glad, unsparring hand,  
And a stream more wide with a  
deeper tide.  
Pours out to a lower land.  
But doth it lose by giving? Nay,  
Its shores are leaved and  
The life and health and fruitful  
wealth  
Of Galilee.

THURS. May 8.—God's Own People. Deuteronomy 29: 1-26.  
TUES. May 9.—Hope for Backsliders. Deuteronomy 30: 1-14.  
SAT. May 10.—Choose Life. Deuteronomy 30: 15-20; 31: 1-15.

**HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.**  
**SACRIFICE AND SERVICE.**  
(By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.)  
"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."—Jesus.  
"Self-Denial is indispensable to a strong character, and the leftest kind thereof comes only of a religious stock from consciousness of obligation and dependence upon God."—Theodore Parker.

"Think, who did come from Heaven to hell descent,

## CANADIAN LIQUOR BILL,

### 1921

\$81,399,969  
\$17.30 per capita  
for entire  
population of  
7,224,520.

**PROTESTANT GIFTS**  
to Home and Foreign Missions  
\$2,216,432  
47½¢ per capita  
for Protestant population  
4,665,500.

From report of The Missionary Laymen's Movement.

## "THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

THE AUTHOR OF "BROKEN EARTHENWARE" TELLS SOME WONDERFUL STORIES OF CONVERSION FROM HEATHEN DARKNESS—BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTIONS OF ARMY WORK IN THE EAST—NEW EDITION OF "OTHER SHEEP."

You have read "Broken Earthenware"? Then you will want to read "The Light of India," and "you won't be happy" till you get the books—this wonderful book, whose keenly-observant and brilliant author has surely caught for his readers as much of the glamour and glow, and, perhaps we ought to add, the gloom, of the East as were ever brought between the covers of a modest volume of about 220 pages.  
Both books are by Mr. Harold Begbie. "Broken Earthenware" quickly became the talk of several continents, its circulation now being in the neighbourhood of 220 thousand. It has probably been the most-talked-of book of recent years; certainly among books of that classification, for although it may possess the captivating qualities of a romance, it is a deeply religious book.  
"The Light of India," which is a new and revised edition of "Other Sheep," is in some ways a more remarkable, more fascinating

"For a Study of This Kind, Mr. Begbie has the Gifts of Religious Enthusiasm, a Good Deal of Insight, and Much Literary Skill, as He Showed in His 'Broken Earthenware.'"—The Times, London, England.

comes known, there can be no doubt that this notable book will be in great demand.  
It cannot be denied that "The Light of India" definitely challenges criticism. The author is not given to the use of meaningless generalities, and he freely and vigorously expresses his own opinion of what he saw in the East. He set out with an enthusiasm for India, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker was his chief guide in his travels, as well as his instructor in things Indian. But great as is his enthusiasm for Fakir Singh (Commissioner Booth-Tucker) he does not hesitate to express opinions from which he admits the Commissioner will sharply dissent. The reader may, therefore, here and there have good

Glossy news has quite recently reached us, a story of the devil-dancer, whose portrait is given on our front page.  
This man, it will be remembered, was dedicated to the devil on the death-bed of his father—himself a priest of devil-worship. He was then only twelve years of age. The old man died. "Suddenly the father started up, seizing his son by the long hair of his head, dragged the boy down to him, and rubbing upon his head, cried in a loud voice, 'Promise me to serve the devil—promise me, promise me.' Of the years that followed that terrible scene we cannot now pause to speak. The lad became the most celebrated devil-possessed man for many miles around his village. And yet, by the instrumentality of The Army, and the saving grace of God, has been delivered from this horrible devil-possession.  
"And now," says the author, "he is something of a saint, is a man of prayer, and a lay mission-



Colonel and Mrs. Sukh Singh (blowers) with Officers and Cadets of the Training Home of the Guseerat and Western India Territory. Over two hundred native Cadets are being trained as Officers to take Salvation to their three hundred million countrymen, of whom not one per cent are Christians. Your Self-Denial gift will help extend The Army's good work in India.

volume, in that its scenes are laid in the gorgeous yet poverty-stricken East, and that its subjects are surrounded with that unaccountable mystery which is inseparable from most of the religious systems of India. But it is remarkable more all for its arresting stories of a wonderful, almost magical salvation.  
What "Broken Earthenware" did for a corner of the great city of London, "The Light of India" does for India and Ceylon.  
Instead of the stories of sombre stem life in London and the marvellous deliverances of men like "The Plumber," "The Copper-Basher," and "Old Born-Drunk," for instance, we have thrilling narratives of the wild life of devil-dancers, devil-priests, and a witch, and of the mighty transformations wrought in them by the power of God, together with descriptions of Indian landscapes unsurpassed for beauty—both the landscapes and the descriptions. And if Canada is the missionary-loving country we believe her to be, and "The Light of India" be-

came to disagree with the author, as when, in some instances, he adopts a little confidently the role of critic, or now and again when he somewhat relentlessly pursues a theological discussion to its extreme point. Our readers think these would not endorse all the opinions of the author.  
But these are nothing more than very small spots on a very bright sun, and compared with the genuine greatness of the book, it seems almost thankless for us to mention them.  
The author holds that India is at the parting of the ways, so far as Christianity is concerned. Now is awakening to the knowledge and culture of the West, and will either rise up in the faith of Christianity or in the no-faith of a trancelike materialism. . . . Unless her growth out of superstition be accompanied by a growth in Christianity, humanity beyond the mind of man to imagine must eventually overtake the human race.  
His studies of the effect of the work and methods of The Salvation Army upon the millions of India are therefore all the more valuable.  
One or two stories from "The Light of India" have already appeared in "The War Cry," that seemingly almost-forgotten story, for instance, of the recovered witch, of whose promotion to

any, converting the devil-worshippers of his district to the pure and beautiful religion of Jesus Christ.  
We have read nothing more beautiful than the altogether charming description of a large Salvation Army meeting held by Commissioner Booth-Tucker at Privandrum in South India. This will be found in the chapter entitled "The Pandals."  
It was evening. Thousands of dusky figures were standing side by side in the dust of a pandal.  
"Imagine the scene!" says the author, "as far as eye could see, stretching out into a glimmering moonlight of an Eastern garden there were thousands of half-naked people sitting or standing on the ground, hunched on the houghs of trees, packed shoulder to shoulder on the walls. Under a great open of palm-leaves, where a lamp was burning, an unlighted paper lanterns were hanging from branches, hundreds of men and women were kneeling and praying to God, with white, black Officers of The Salvation Army moving and out among them. These Officers represented many nations. All were praying."  
The voices of these various nationalities rose (Continued on Page 74.)



## Army Musicians and Singers

At the close of the practice of the Staff Band at Territorial Headquarters on Wednesday, April 24th, Ensign Oliver Marshall and Captain Sydney Weeks said farewell to their comrade-Bandmen. As announced in a previous issue, Ensign Marshall has been appointed to take charge of the Men's Social Service in "Bancroft." He will be a cause for congratulation from his comrades, is keenly felt by the Band, with which he has been associated ever since its first appearance in its present form—some six or seven years ago. "Oliver" is a man of many parts, and far-famed as a vocal soloist, while his sparkling humor is highly contagious wherever he goes. Brigadier Potter, the Band Leader, who presided, also Major Atwell ("one of the old hands"), Staff-Captain Morris, and Captain E. Pugmire referred to the pleasant associations all had enjoyed.

## FROM THE GENERAL.

*This Self-Denial is  
not only local  
it is a world-wide  
war. It is a war  
which has been  
done so well  
in us.  
Let us  
do it better.  
Let us  
do it better.*

A Self-Denial Message for  
Bandmen and Local Officers

I met with the Ensign, who afterwards received a token of the affection and esteem of his comrades. The service of Captain Weeks was referred to in highest terms, and as he goes to the Old Land, the Staff Bandmen will not forget him. Reference was also made to the absence, through sickness, of the Bandmaster, Adjutant Hanagan, who we are glad to say, is now better.

At a previous practice, Captain Gilbert Best was welcomed into the Band.

On April 12th and 13th, the Hamilton I. Band led the meetings. A musical programme was given on the Saturday night, and Ensign Hanagan acted as chairman. There was a good attendance.

A feature of the evening was the singing of the Band's Male Choir, under the direction of the Bandmaster, Ensign Hanagan. The Band's vocal powers are widely known, and the formation of this Male Choir is helping to strengthen and enlarge the choir.

Bandmaster Wignall gave the lesson on Sunday morning. The afternoon was taken up principally by singing and song. The dedication of Bandmaster and Sister Hill's daughter was performed by Adjutant Ash, and the dedication of the new musical instrument was performed by the Band.

At night the Citadel was packed. The officers, who supplemented the Band's efforts throughout the day, sang an original musical com-

position of Bandmaster Woodard's to the words "Abide with Me." The Bandmen, led by Bandmaster Woodard, gave splendid service. At the recent re-commissioning, Band Secretary Ridgeway was appointed Corps Treasurer, and Bandmaster S. Marriot (who recently called at the Editorial Offices in Toronto with this news) is the new Band Secretary.

Brother McDonald is the new Deputy-Bandmaster. Bandmaster Tupp welcomed. One of the Bandmen—Brother Charlie Kimmins—is entering the Training College next session. The Band is right up-to-date with its music, and having lately received the Special Band Book. New uniforms are being secured for the coming summer, and a new Army-made bugle horn is on order.

On May 24, the Band is announced to visit Woodstock, Ont.

On April 10th, the Chatham, Ont. Bandmen welcomed back Bandmaster G. Dunkley, who has been in New York for three months on business (says F. S.).

The Band is steadily growing. Thirty-one are now playing out, and several learners will make their appearance in the near future. This is the highest number of Bandmen the Band has yet attained, and everything points to a banner year for the Maple City Band.

Sixteen "Class A" silver-plated instruments are expected shortly from Headquarters. These will put the Band in possession of thirty-three "Class A" instruments.

The Dovercourt Band, under Bandmaster Palmer, gave a musical festival at Lippincott Street, Corps, Toronto, on Thursday, April 17th. To the eye, the Band was an ideal combination, each of the forty or more men clad in the same pattern of uniform, each wearing a patch and belt, and each playing a silver-plated instrument. To the ear, the Band was no less pleasing, and is surely, if steadily, reaching that musical ideal which every Band should have—the correct interpretation of The Army's music.

The programme opened with the "Proclamation" march, and although overblowing counteracted some of the good effects, the Band played with a brilliancy that was most pleasing. Other marches rendered were the "Christchurch" and "Abide with Me." "My Guide" and "The

Call to War" were the selections, and in the former, the solo horn shone conspicuously, in tune, in timbre, and in rhythm, round tone. The vocal and instrumental solos were creditably rendered, as were the instrumental duets and quartets. Bandmaster Heard gave a recitation, Secretary Nell, of Dovercourt, presided.

Following the Commissioner's Young People's Day in London, the Staff Bandmen—seven in number—who assisted during the day, visited several Corps in the London Division, each place, with the assistance of the local Corps' Bands and Singers Brigades. Captain J. P. Myers, Deputy-Bandmaster, gave a recitation, and has given us his impressions of the musical combinations which the party was privileged to hear. He says:—

"The Woodstock Band is making great improvement. The men are playing better than they were when I heard them some three months ago. I had the privilege of conducting them through two selections, and they responded in a very pleasing manner. We shall hear more of Woodstock Band."

"I had the great pleasure of hearing London No. 1. Band play one of the latest selections, 'My Guide.' The interpretation was good, and solo parts well played. Bandmaster Wilson appeared to have his men well in hand."

"For a young Band, London, No. 11, acquitted themselves well, although 'Songs of Comfort' appeared to be somewhat beyond their reach. However, they have the makings of a good Band. Stick to it. I heard both Nos. 1 and 11. Songster Brigades, and both sang well. No. 11 Brigade sang a very effective arrangement to the words 'Oh, do not let thy Lord depart,' the music being composed by Songster Sael, brother to the Songster-Leader."

"I was greatly pleased with the tunefulness of the St. Thomas Band. This was a feature whilst playing the song tunes. They have a full, plated set of 'Class A' instruments, are well-harmonized, and number some thirty players. Bandmaster Allan, their genial leader, is to be highly commended upon the playing and smart appearance of his Band. The 'Friend' selection and 'Johannesburg' march, which I was privileged to hear them play, were rendered in

good style. Adjutant Mercer speaks in glowing terms of their ability as a fighting force."

Bandman T. Jones, late of Calgary, has been welcomed to the concert section of the Riverdale Band.

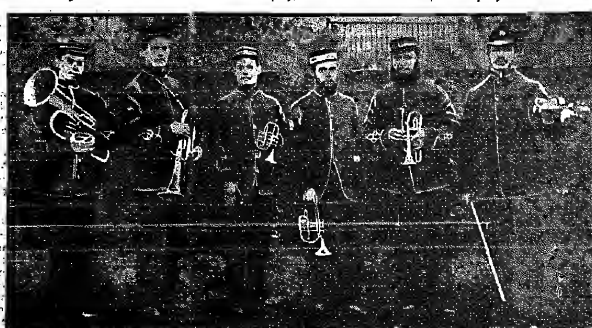
The account which some of the Toronto newspapers printed regarding the accident to Bandman Frank Brooks, of the Temple Band, Sunday, April 13th, was grossly exaggerated. Brother Brooks was not "badly injured," we are glad to say, neither was one of the instruments "totally destroyed." The latter, a G. trombone, was somewhat bent when the street car ran into the procession on Yonge Street, and one of Bandman Brooks' legs was bruised.

In connection with the Bandmen's Council in Toronto on Sunday next, April 27th, a Massed Band Festival is to be held in the Temple on the Saturday night, under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, the Divisional Commander. The Bands taking part are the Territorial Staff Band, the Temple Riverdale, Lisgar Street, Dovercourt, West Toronto, Lippincott, and Toronto 1. We hope to give a full report of the Festival in our next issue.

## THE ARMY'S FIRST BAND.

It was not till 1878 (thirteen years after the inauguration of the late General's great work on Mile-End Waste) that the Brass Band form of musical activity was introduced (says Brigadier Slater in the "Bandman, Songster, and Local Officer," of August 1st, 1912). The start of The Army's work in Salisbury was marked by riotous conduct on the part of many of the rougher people of the city. A Christian man, a soldier, and a volunteer of the Corps of the district, was so moved at the rough treatment of the Salvationists that he offered the services of himself and his three sons, all of whom played brass instruments, to the Army Captain, in the hope that the music might still the riotous behaviour. His offer was gladly accepted.

The Fry Band was blessed in a remarkable way. The news reached The General in London; his real mind saw the new force which Brass Bands offered to The Army. He got the Fry Band to London, took it with him to important meetings, and set it going on its own resources on four as the Evangelistic Band. The Fry Band was blessed in the results and the new musical possibilities opened up by Brass Bands.

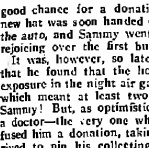


The Famous Fry Family, Who Composed The Army's First Band.

## THE EXPERIENCES OF OPTIMISTIC SAMMY



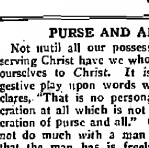
"It's a big target, Cap'n," said Optimistic Sammy, looking at his collecting card. "What you turning pessimistic? Surely not," replied the Captain, with a smile in which there was both reproach and encouragement. "You'll not let us down, will you, Sammy?" And Sammy's hearty laugh sent a very positive "No!" for Sammy was indeed an optimist.



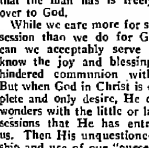
Following home, he pondered ways and means of securing his target, and was chuckling over a bright idea, when, a sudden gust of wind whisked off his hat, and the wheels of a passing auto went clank over it (the hat, not the idea). "Never mind," said Sammy to himself, seeing a



good chance for a donation. The price of a new hat was soon handed over by the owner of the auto, and Sammy went merrily on his way, rejoicing over the first bullseye in his target. It was, however, so late when he got home that he found that the house was locked, and exposure in the night air gave him a severe cold, which meant at least two days in bed. Poor Sammy! But, as optimistic as ever, he sent for a doctor—the very one who had previously refused him a donation, taking care before he arrived to pin his collecting card to his pillow.



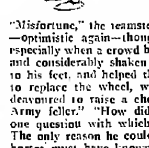
The doctor could not help but see it, and Sammy's ingenuity not only saved a doctor's bill, but secured a transference of the debt to Sammy's Self-Denial card. "Well, well," said he to himself, when the doctor had left, "I always did say that it was an ill wind that blows nobody good."



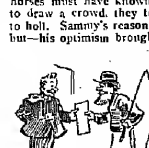
"You'll have to work on Saturday afternoon to make up for lost time," said Sammy's employer, when he got back to work two days later. "Very good, sir," said Sammy, feeling somewhat disappointed, but—still optimistic. Next week,



when the employees were paid, Sammy found that he had a dollar extra in his envelope. "At this time, eh, Sammy?" said some of his customers. "No," said Sammy, "just about-time I think. What will you give me?" The Self-Denial card showed four more names before Sammy went home that night.



In his spare time, he called upon some of his friends and relatives. One day a kindly teamster gave him a lift. Why one of the wheelmen should come off before Sammy had ridden a hundred yards, neither of the men could make out.



"Misfortune," the teamster called it, but Sammy—optimistic again—thought it "good fortune," especially when a crowd began to gather. Bruised and considerably shaken up, Sammy scrambled to replace the wheel, while the onlookers endeavored to raise a cheer for "The Salvation Army feller." "How did it happen?" was the one question with which Sammy was besieged. The only reason he could think of was that the horses must have known about his target, and to draw a crowd, they took it into their heads to holt. Sammy's reason caused much laughter, but—his optimism brought in several donations.



After such a chapter of accidents, Sammy thought that he knew pretty well how to make the best of things, and was congratulating himself on his success as a Self-Denial collector when he lost his card. It was at this moment that Sammy had his greatest temptation to worry, but—"The Lord can turn this difficulty into a blessing," he replied, when some of his friends chafed him. The loss and turning of his card at the Officers' Quarters the next morning, with fifty cents enclosed, from "A Debtor to the Army." The Captain said that a teamster had brought it to the door.

## PURSE AND ALL.

Not until all our possessions are serving Christ have we wholly given ourselves to Christ. It is a suggestive play upon words which declares, "That no personal consecration at all which is not a consecration of purse and all." God can do no more with a man until all that the man has is freely turned over to God.

While we care more for our possession than we do for God, how can we acceptably serve God, or know the joy and blessing of unimpeded communion with Him? But when God in Christ is our complete and only desire, He can work wonders with the little or large possessions that He has entrusted to us. Then His unquestioned ownership and use of our "purse and all" becomes our joy and blessing; and we wish we had more only that we might put more at His disposal.

It is a day of freedom when we step out forever from the bondage of our possessions into the liberty of God's ownership of all that we have and all that we are—"Sunday School Times."

## SELF-DENIAL IN JAVA.

The Dutch Indies, which include Java, and where Lieutenant Colonel De Groot is in charge, a total of \$120,000 has been raised by a Self-Denial Campaign. Our Java comrades, it should be mentioned, were unable to commence this effort till late this year through De Groot, the new Territorial Commander, but in spite of this and other drawbacks they exceeded the total of last year's effort by \$500.

The Dutch Indies form an important missionary centre and are chiefly maintained out of the International exchequer, but they make the annual Self-Denial effort in order to keep the strain on the central funds, thus endeavoring to carry out The Army's principle of self-support.

## Millions of Dollars!

**TIMELY COMPARISONS FOR CANADIAN READERS—THE NATIONS' GIGANTIC WASTE ON DRINK AND WAR AND THEIR INSIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO MISSIONARY EFFORT.**

It is estimated that the amount of money spent by the other nations in one year for intoxicating drink totals over \$11 million dollars. This figures out at \$11.40 per head for a population of 2,000,000.

But the actual spending of money in liquor is not the only waste of wealth chargeable to the drink system. We must take into account the loss caused through the idleness of men who are out of employment because of their drinking habits, the loss through the curtailment of the lives of citizens who, had they lived, might have been factors in the nation's wealth production, loss through the practical destruction, in liquor manufacture, of large quantities of grain that would otherwise be among our surplus food products for export, and the loss through the expenditure imposed upon the community in the custody and care of those who are morally, mentally, and physically degraded by intemperance. All these things, it is estimated, send the bill up to at least another hundred million dollars.

As the revenue derived from the liquor traffic amounts to only nineteen million dollars, there is thus a net loss to the people of Canada of over 160 million dollars annually.

Compare all this waste with what is invested in home and foreign missions by Canada. The latest figures show that the Protestant population of Canada, numbering some four and a half millions, give about two and a quarter million dollars for

missions each year. This means that the share of each person is only 47¢ cents.

Think of it! \$11.40 for liquor and only 47¢ for missions. And yet certain people are complaining of the amount of money that is required to carry the Gospel to the heathen. They are not at all concerned about the fact that each man, woman, and child in Canada is annually taxed \$11.40, which goes to produce crime, misery, and distress. But they cry out at the paltry expenditure of 47¢ cents for the saving of the heathen at home and abroad.

It is self-evident that there ought to be a great lessening of our national drink bill and a great increase in our contributions to foreign missions.

Striking as these figures may seem, when we compare them with the billions of the other nations, the picture is even more staggering. In Great Britain an enormous sum of eight hundred million dollars is annually spent in drink, while in the United States the figure goes up to the amazing total of 2,500 millions of dollars.

What a terrible waste of wealth! It is interesting to note in this connection that the total contributions of the entire Christian Church in foreign missionary work amount to about twenty-six million dollars. Great Britain, the United States, and Canada contribute eighty-five per cent. of this sum. It is logically argued, therefore, that if the world is to be evangelized in this generation,

it will at least eighty-five per cent. of it will be accomplished by agencies supported from Great Britain and North America.

Very striking, however, does this meagre sum for missionary effort appear when compared with the burden of Christian nations. Great Britain spends nearly four hundred million dollars annually on her army and navy, the United States of Germany each spend 270 millions, and Canada spends about four millions. And, in spite of all this, about a universal peace, the burden of armaments is still increasing.

If only armaments and drinking could be abolished by Christian nations and the money spent on them be diverted into channels of missionary activity, what a vast sum would be available!

## CHRIST'S SACRIFICE AND OURS.

'Twas Christ Himself who came to die  
To ransom you and me;  
He made that wondrous sacrifice  
So unreservedly  
That even through His great Self-Denial

Might live and reign with Him  
Just pause and meditate a while  
Upon Christ's noble act—  
No greater Self-Denial was known—  
A most astounding fact;  
For riches, glory, power were His  
In Heaven at God's right hand.

What shall we as an Army do  
To make a high success  
Of our great annual Self-Denial,  
Which sure will sinners help,  
The answer comes: We all will help  
And make it best or known.

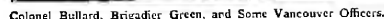
—E. Ford

When you have read this paper, please post it to a friend who would not be likely to observe to me a cry.

**COLONEL BULLARD**  
IN THE PACIFIC COAST DIVISION-ENTHUSIASTIC AND  
FRUITFUL WEEK-END IN VANCOUVER.

"All through her address she emphasized the absolute necessity for the aid of the Holy Spirit if the fruits of this wonderful partnership were to be realized."

Brigadier Potter, the Financial Secretary, visited Clinton for a recent week-end. The meetings were well attended, and the Brigadier's lecture on Japan on Sunday afternoon brought to The Army's Hall an interesting and representative audience. Captain Gibb and Lieutenant Ainsworth are the Corps



A black and white photograph of a large, multi-story brick building. The building features a prominent corner entrance with a dark, arched canopy. The facade is made of dark brick with horizontal bands of lighter-colored bricks. The roofline is decorated with several gables and dormers. A utility pole is visible on the left side of the frame.

Substantial New Citadel at Lethbridge.  
(For picture of Officers' Quarters, see Page 10.)

NOT A PRISONER.

On the previous Sunday, Captain H. Pugmire, with Staff Bandmen E. Green and Bert Greenway, gave a musical meeting at the Farm. In the night meeting, one of the men knelt at an improvised Pentecost form, and another man (the Italian referred to above) sent for the visitors and asked them to pray with him.

(By Mrs. Staff-Captain Arnold.)

"Commissioner."

"I put the letter down with a sigh. It was positively disheartening. Not that I had no desire to participate in this Self-Denial Effort; but it seemed so impossible. I thought of my long years of illness, and as I recall those years, I can only marvel at the power of God in restoring me. I had fought against physical weakness as long as I could; night after night, for two months, battling with neuralgic pains, and the doctors were going ahead with "War Cry" selling, visiting, meetings, and other Corps work. Then my strength began to fail. Farewell orders came.

The doctor called. "Shall I be all right for my appointment on Monday?" I eagerly asked, adding gravely, "I really must go."

who do not mistake "intensity" for  
heaviness of phrase." "The *Diogenes*" ad-  
sincerity and vigour. In these lines  
deems even the most startling ex-  
perience." The lines originally ap-  
peared in *Verano*.

(Flutes)

## Enters Heaven

Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?

I also resolved to make it a week of special prayer. The only time I could rely on being alone was while the rest in the house were sleeping. Dare I get up then for any length of time? Should it become known, the doctor would be afraid of me endangering my life, and I would be advised not to do it. However, feeling much impressed that I should do so, I ventured, leaning upon the strong arm of Jehovah.

**While She Prayed.**

As mother came to my room at half-past six in the morning, my heart was from five to six, and I lay in bed, unable to stir, in the stillness of the early morning hour. I knelt at my bedside, pouring out the longings of my soul into the listening ear of the sympathizing Saviour, and my mind was free from temptations, but as I spent that hour with God each morning, by my weakness, it seemed as if a messenger had come from heaven to strengthen me, and wonderful consolations came into my soul. I received the assurance of future health in these words, "Thou shalt not die, but live," and declare the works of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be glorified again at the front of the battle."

What about my target? It has some favorable replies, but others were equally unfavourable, and I was told that I was all shot by twenty-five cents.

"Dear Miss — Please accept the enclosed contribution to help on the cause which you have so much at heart. It is small, but it is given cheerfully, and as the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, I trust it will be acceptable in His sight.

"It grieves me not a little to learn that you have been so near the Valley of the Shadow. May the God of All Good restore you to your usual good health, and consecrate you to His service for many long years to come, is the earnest prayer that springs from my heart."

My victory was won, and in the history of my soul's experience there was recorded an imperishable impression of the accomplishment of one of the "all things" that are possible to "him that believeth."









# TO HELP CHINA.

(Continued from Page 11)  
General Bramwell Booth in his Self-Denial message to the Canadian Field, which appears on page nine: "How," asks one of our contemporaries, "can we better help China than by sending to her Christian teachers, when her most famous general, Li Yuan-hung, has recently said: 'Missionaries are our friends. Jesus Christ is better than Confucius, and I am strongly in favor of more missionaries coming to China to teach Christianity and going into interior provinces. We shall do all we can to assist missionaries, and the more we get to come to China, the better will the Republican Government be pleased.'"

## WORK AMONG NEGROES.

A message from Boston to "The Toronto Telegram" says that a preliminary step in the fulfillment of the wish of the late General William Booth, that The Salvation Army extend its activities to the colored people in the South has just been taken, in that Commander Ezra Booth has assigned Adjutant James N. Roberts, of Boston, to the work. Miss Booth, it is announced, has said that shortly before her father died, he begged her to start the new work.

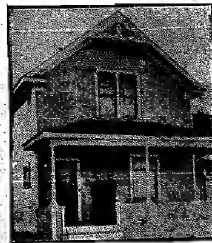
## A SPIRITUAL UNDERTAKING.

I believe the Self-Denial effort is the most spiritual undertaking we have for raising funds in The Salvation Army. Let us keep as near as possible to the original idea of practical Self-Denial. Canada should do more than it has done in previous years, and I believe our people in the North-West are prepared to do their utmost for this Missionary enterprise this year.

John S. McLean, Major.

## LITTLE ICELAND LEADS THE WAY.

A cable from London (England) announces on the strength of news received from Copenhagen that at the end of the present year it will be impossible for either natives or tourists to obtain alcoholic liquors in Iceland. Under the anti-spirit law permission was given to consume the present stock of liquors in the country, and figuring on the per capita consumption, it will all be gone by the end of the year. The Government adopted drastic prohibition laws because it was felt that the excessive drinking of the Icelanders was undermining the physical fitness of the people.



Officers' Quarters, Leithridge. (See Page 6.)

## THE STAFF BAND.

(Continued from Page 11).  
The objects of the campaign funds for the staff band were the pleasure of the Bandmen and new seats.

# WARRIORS IN HEAVEN.

Sis. Mrs. J. Brown, Brampton, Ont. Sister Mrs. Brown was promoted to Glory on Thursday, April 10th. She was a Soldier of this Corps for twenty-three years, and though of



Sister Mrs. Brown, Brampton, Ont.

late had not been able to attend the meetings on account of sickness, she was always cheerful, and enjoyed the Bible reading. A large crowd followed the funeral procession to the cemetery.

At night a memorial service was held, at which Treasurer Mrs. Heatley spoke of the late Mrs. Brown. Corps Sergeant-Major Sinden also spoke, and Brother and Sister Jeffries again sang, and Lieutenant Chapman gave the Bible lesson.

Sister Brown's last words were: "The Lord is my Shepherd." May God bless and sustain "Dad" Brown, a veteran Soldier of the Corps.

Sister Mrs. Cramm, of Botwood, Newfoundland. Sister Mrs. Cramm was a Soldier of this Corps for some years. She will be missed by her comrades, as well as by the husband and children who mourn their loss, says L. A. She assured the writer that all was well with her soul, and passed peacefully to her reward.

Brother I. Saunders, of Bay Roberts. On March 9th, at 7 a.m., Brother Isaac Saunders went to his last reward. He was a Soldier for over twenty years, and was always ready to give his testimony to the saving and keeping power of God, says Adjutant Higdon. On Saturday he apparently was in good health, and on Sunday morning, while waking, he said he had had a good night's rest. Before ten minutes had expired, his soul had taken its flight.

We gave him an Army funeral, and in the service many were moved to tears. Our comrade leaves a widow to mourn her loss.

## LOVE AND GRATITUDE ARE PRACTICAL.

Faith in our God, with plenty of hard work, assures victory to Christ should ever prompt the inquiry, "What shall I read to the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" We should not be content with what we feel—love is practical, and so is gratitude.

Richard Adley, Brigadier.

## Brother W. Ware, of Prince Albert.

An old and tried Warrior of the Cross, Brother William Ware, passed away at his son's home, on Friday, March 21st. Our brother was a Soldier of this Corps for a few years, but was a Salvationist for 28



Brother Ware, Prince Albert.

years, having transferred here from Halifax, N. S. The funeral services at the house and grave were conducted by Captain Hunt, assisted by Captain Torrance, our Commanding Officer. Our comrade was buried with full Army honors. The memorial service was conducted by Captain G. Torrance.

"The War Cry" deeply sympathizes with Captain Esther and Lieutenant Edith Austin, whose mother passed away at Lochlin, Ont., on April 11th.

## SELF-DENIAL AND CHARACTER.

It is impossible to over estimate the influence of Self-Denial on character. In fact, it is the chief factor in the development of those qualities which alone can lift life up to its highest and best standards. IT BROADENS OUR SYMPATHIES AND ELEVATES OUR THOUGHTS—"Others" claim our attention. Their weaknesses, their sorrows, and their needs become in a measure ours, inspiring us to helpful and kindly thought and action.

IT STRENGTHENS OUR WILL. To forego some pleasure, to undertake some unpleasant task, to take up and bear some cross for Christ's sake, results in the development of self-control, and the subjecting of the will to higher than purely selfish aims.

IT SWEETENS OUR SPIRITS. The supreme act of Self-Denial is ever before us. The strong, quiet joy of Christ, and the unutterable sorrow and anguish of His dying, have with us as with us again, revealing to our hearts as they do, not only the extreme of sacrifice, but the sweetness of the spirit of submission, and the power of Self-Denial.

Joseph Barr, Major.

# DEATH OF A VETERAN.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Brother H. Verall, of the Legar Street Corps, Toronto. He passed away on March 21st, at the age of seventy-one years, thirty of which were spent as a faithful Salvation Army Soldier. He was much loved by his comrades and by the poor in his district. The funeral service was conducted by Brigadier Taylor and the memorial service by Colonel Gaskin. A full report will appear in our next issue. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved relatives.

Lily Shears, of Rocky Hill. Death has taken from our Lily Shears, age fifteen, the daughter of our Sergeant-Major. The

been a great loss to them, Lily, the eldest child. She was some time, but during her illness she was always ready for her heavenly Master.

On Sunday, April 6th, we gave an Army funeral. Quite a large crowd was present to pay their respects to our departed sister. She leaves behind to mourn their loss three brothers and four sisters, besides mother and father. Our prayers and sympathy are with all the comrades.—J. A. Carter, Lieutenant.

Belin. Captain and Mrs. Blaney have farwelld after a stay of eighteen months. On the farewell night a banquet was held in the school room of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Ex-Mayor Schmalz presided, and spoke in glowing terms of the work of the Captain and his wife. His energy was highly commended. Mr. Schmalz stated that at the market he was one of the first there, always busy, and he thought he could be seen in the night, he could be seen in the night, he could be seen in the night.

"The War Cry" in the city and added many members to the list. Dr. Scott said he had learned to admire the Captain, and although he did not wear the coat of an Army Officer, he was serving in a similar division of the same Army.

The Rev. J. E. Lynn and A. M. Mihn also spoke, and a letter read from Mrs. C. M. Mills, M.P. for the public gathering, when the general local ministers and representatives of the Corps in the city, in addresses, bade goodbye to the Officers.

Grand Falls, Nfld. On Wednesday, April 2nd, the funeral service was performed for the late Brother Elsie E. Brown, and Sister Elizabeth Budget. The funeral service was conducted by Captain G. Torrance.

After the service a number of friends proceeded to our comrade's home, and partook of a wedding supper.

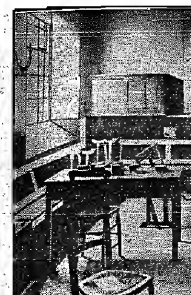
Sarna. Captain G. H. Home received warm welcome on April 11th, 1914, (says a correspondent) at the week-end meeting, and was well attended and successful. He is a very red-skin affect us, revealing to our hearts as they do, not only the extreme of sacrifice, but the sweetness of the spirit of submission, and the power of Self-Denial.

proving in health.

# A NOTTINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Tablet for the Church Where The General Was Converted.

The following interesting paragraph appeared in a recent issue of "The British Weekly":—"A mural tablet of bronze and alabaster, to commemorate the conversion of the late General, is to be erected there this month. The histories of Methodism and of The Salvation Army are united in that ago. What is there said of the rise



The room in Nottingham in which The Army's Founder was converted as a lad. The spot where he knelt is marked by a cross.

in prices and the scale of living may undoubtedly be taken to apply to the Dominion generally. "While everybody is complaining of the high cost of living, one need but take a walk through any part of the city and look in the windows of the grocery stores in order to find that the food of the people gives one food for thought.

## EVER LEARNING.

Field Officer's Grateful Appreciation of Advanced Training Lessons. The following copy of a letter to the Young People's Secretary is of special interest to Officers, for whose benefit the Advanced Training System of instruction was instituted. It is from a veteran Field Officer—

"My Dear Brigadier,—I feel greatly indebted to the Advanced Training System for benefits received. (1) It is a training and systematic study which I consider to be a great need of the Field Officer to-day.

(2) I have found the instruction to be of great benefit to me in platform work. "It makes me more familiar with the Bible, as well as with the conditions existing in little cities. The matter learned becomes a part of myself, ready for use, by the aid of memory, at the needy moment.

"We are a very busy people, but I am convinced that time spent in the study of useful subjects will make us better workmen, and as a consequence, we shall do a better work.—F. Howell, Adjutant.

Officers who have not yet taken full advantage of the Advanced Training System would do well to ask the Young People's Secretary for information as to the various courses.

Adjutant Campbell, of West Toronto, reported with a hearing of the Editorial Den on Sunday, April 26th, when he was commended by himself, and Mrs. Campbell were fourteen seekers of Pentecost.

# CUT OUT THE LUXURIES!

IF THE COST OF LIVING HAS INCREASED, HAVE NOT OTHER THINGS ALSO GONE UP?

The cost of living has gone up—few housewives will be found to disagree with that; but other things have also risen. Read the "Toronto Daily Star's" comparison, which appeared in that journal a few days ago. What is there said of the rise

dows in every part of the city. "This means that these luxuries of yesterday are the staples of to-day. If a thousand groceries in this city are exposing in their windows fruits and vegetables imported from all over the world, it means that they are selling these goods over their counters to their customers.

"If one may judge from the grocery windows all about the city the people almost as a whole must be buying and using hot-house and imported fruits and vegetables as only the luxuries low did ten or fifteen years ago.

"The grocers on every street in the city are not carrying these goods for fun. They are not exposing strawberries at twenty-five cents per box unless people are buying them at that price. Olives are not an absolute necessity on the tables of the poor—and any man is poor who has difficulty in paying his bills—yet nearly every grocery in Toronto confronts you with olives in every shape and form. Once if you asked for cheese the ordinary grocer could attach but one meaning to the word—he would lead you to a huge cheese from Ontario county and poise a knife over it. To-day he leads you to a glass cupboard in which he shows you not only native cheese, but English Cheddar, Roquefort, Camembert, Swiss, and three or four creamed cheeses.

"For ten months of the year—or is it twelve—the corner grocer sells tomatoes, although our climate only permits their production for four months. By the time they are abundant most people have tired of them for table use, although, we

think, it is still the habit of people in Toronto to make catsup in September rather than in February. Grape fruit begins to become as much a family necessity as potatoes were to our simpler fathers. Asparagus, which people used to eat when their gardens produced it, is now sold in fat but expensive bundles

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nearly all the year around. The salt bearing barrel has disappeared from the grocery; in its place stands the succulent oyster is digested. The cucumber, at ten cents apiece, gratifies the appetite in February, and, depleted at five cents a dozen when nature thrusts them on us in abundance, and dealers sell them by the basket.

"So it goes in everything. The cost of living has gone up. But if the cost of living has advanced forty per cent. in twenty years, we venture to say that the scale of living must have advanced about another sixty per cent."

So that things are not so bad, after all, and on the strength of "The Star's" comparison, for which we are daily grateful, we cannot but suggest that here lies a splendid field for Self-Denial. Why not go back to the "simple life" of ten or fifteen years ago? At least, why not cut out the luxuries for one week and give the money thus saved to The Army's Self-Denial Fund?

"MAMMA WON'T BE LONG."

Good-bye to Dying Child—A Mother's Triumph. The death of Mrs. Major Roberts, of the International Training College Staff, which took place recently at her home at Chestnut, was not unexpected, as our comrade had been ill for over a year. She suffered much, but left behind her some beautiful messages, expressive of her confidence in the unfailing love of God. "My sufferings," she said, "are the messenger that knocks at the door of grace," and "I have much pain, but no fear."

A few days before our sister was called Home to God, her little seven-year-old girl was smitten with fatal illness, and as the dying mother was lifted up in bed to give her darling a last kiss, she said, soothingly, as in days passed she had often said to the little one good night, "Mamma won't be long; I'm ready to go. The angels will soon come for me."

Even after this added sorrow had shaken her frail tenement, she was able to write, "He has lit the lamp for me." These were some of her last spoken or recorded words, and we feel we may fittingly add of both mother and little daughter, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The League of Mercy workers of London, Ont., recently sent six dozen eggs to the prisoners in the local jail which The Army is privileged to visit quite frequently.

WHEN TO STOP. "Go, break to the hungry sweet charity's bread. For giving is living," the angel said. "But must I be giving again and again?" My weary and wondering answer ran, "Oh, no," said the angel, pleasing me through: "Just give till the Saviour stops giving to you."

"The expensive fruits and vegetables which ten or fifteen years ago were procurable only in, at most, three or four shops in Toronto patronized by people who were not compelled to worry about the cost of living—these imported, out-of-season fruits and vegetables are to-day exposed for sale in grocery win-

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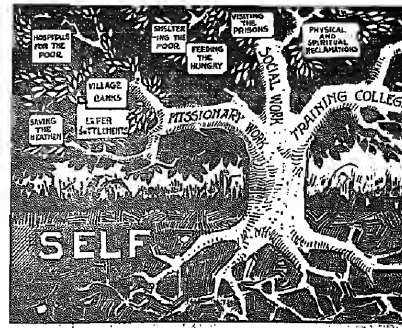
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The Salvation Army Tree Bears Well—It Thrives Best in the Subsoil of Self-Denial.





